THE Mohlbun

Coach that Nap ran from:

AN EPIC POEM IN TWELVE BOOKS.

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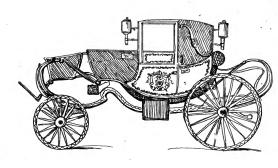
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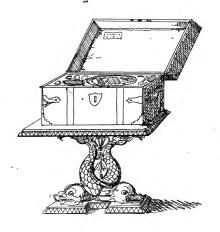


This is the Coach that Nap ran from.

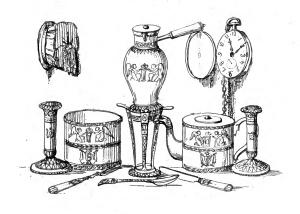
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This is the Box prepar'd by his Wife, That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.



And here are the Spoils of silver and gold! That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife, That lay in the Coach that NAP ran from.

** The Watch tells the hour that it changed its master, correctly; the Moon then shone in all its splendour, a circumstance which is noticed in the pictures which follow.

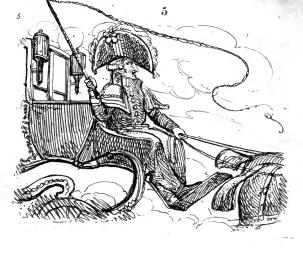


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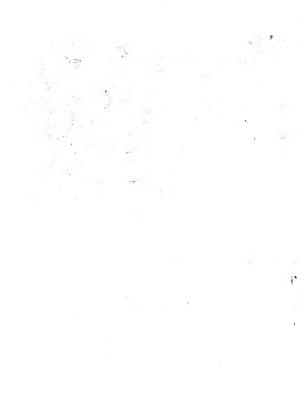


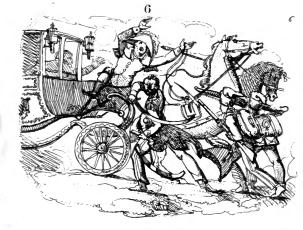
These are the Horses, in harness so fine, That drew on the Spoils of silver and gold, That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife, That lay in the Coach that Nap ran from.



And this is the COACHMAN, in the Moonshine, That drove the SIX HORSES, in harness so fine, That drew on the Spoils of silver and gold, That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife, That lay in the COACH that NAP ran from.







This is the Baron, so brave and so bold,
That cut down the Coachman, in the Moonshine,
That drove the Six Horses, in harness so fine,
That drew on the Spoils of silver and gold,
That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,
That lay in the Coach that Nap ran from.



This is the man with the Bugle Horn,
That sounded the charge the Baron led on,
That cut down the Coachman, in the Moonshine,
That drove the Six Horses, in harness so fine,
That drew on the Spoils of silver and gold,
That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,
That lay in the Coach that Nap ran from.







These are French Soldiers, all battered and torn, That fled from the man with the Bugle Horn, That sounded the charge the Baron led on, That cut down the Coachman, in the Moonshine, That drove the Six Horses, in harness so fine, That drew on the Spoils of silver and gold, That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife, That lay in the Coach that Nap ran from.



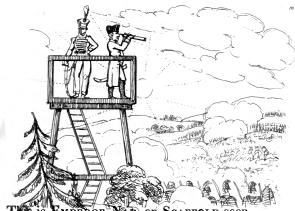
And here's the Great Battle and hope forlorn, Of the French Soldiers, all battered and torn, That fled from the man with the Bugle Horn, That sounded the charge the Baron led on, That cut down the Coachman, in the Moonshine, That drove the Six Horses, in harness so fine, That drew on the Spoils of silver and gold, That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife, That lay in the Coach that Nap ran from.

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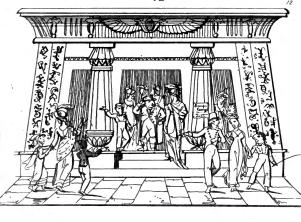


This is EMPEROR MAP, on Scaffold seen,
That was out of the Battle all forlorn,
That his Soldiers were in, all battered and torn,
That fled from the man with the Bugle Horn,
That sounded the charge the Baron led on,
That cut down the Coachman, in the Moonshine,
That drove the Six Horses, in harness so fine,
That drew on the Spoils of silver and gold,
That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,
That lay in the Coach that Nap ran from.



This Hero can, on danger smile,
His Fame resounds through Britain's Isle,
He car'd not e'er for Foeman's mien,
Or e'er for Nap on Scaffold seen,
That was out of the Battle all forlorn,
That fied from the man with the Bugle Horn,
That sounded the charge the Baron led on,
That cut down the Coachman, in the Moonshine,
That drove the Six Horses, in harness so fine,
That drew on the Spoils of silver and gold,
That were in the Box prepar'd by his Wife,
That lay in the Coach that Nap ran from.





The wonderful Coach, from which Nappy flew, At Bullock's Museum, is open to view; And if you will please, to take a walk in, The whole will be shown, as neat as a pin; His Watch, Knives and Forks, and Cup you will see, Besides his Gold Pot, for making his tea; His Plates, Spoons, and Bedstead, and, to be short, His Silver Utensils, of every sort; And if you wish you, may have a step through, The Carriage so famous, from fam'd Waterloo!

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OR.

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